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BY far the most encouraging development of the week is the probable accession of the Argentine Republic to the list of those nations which refuse to tolerate the behavior of the present German government. Argentina has had such an impregnable reason for breaking with Germany that a refusal to do so would have placed its government in a dubious and untenable position. The annals of diplomacy, which contain almost as many rough passages as the annals of war, would be searched in vain for a more brutal and treacherous violation of hospitality than that which the German officials were practising on Argentina, and if their behavior did not result in a break between the two countries, a peculiarly excellent opportunity would be lost of instructing the German people as to the penalties which they incur by consenting to the perpetuation of their existing government. If there was one result which German statesmen had every desire and every reason to avoid it was that of adding the remaining South American states to the formidable array of their opponents. Their commercial organization still survives in many of those countries and they expected to resume a brisk profitable trade as soon as the war ended. But although they particularly wanted to keep on good terms with Argentina which affords the best market of any of the South American states, they could not get rid of their obsession for subordinating large objects of political strategy to trivial military advantages. They risked their friendship with Argentina on their desire to destroy treacherously and without being found out a couple of insignificant barks. They lost, and they should certainly be made to pay the full price.

WHETHER Italian success in the operations against Austria will bring us nearer to peace or not depends entirely upon the use Italy intends to make of her victory. If she intends to hold the entire Adriatic coast, once she has taken it, her success would prolong the war and increase the danger of future wars. Austria could part with the Trentino without serious national loss. She could afford to give up the western half of the Istrian peninsula. She could even surrender Trieste, provided that that city were made a free port. But she would fight to the end rather than surrender the whole Adriatic littoral. And if forced to accept the position of a land locked state, Austria would be ever on the alert for a new opportunity to force her way to the sea. If on the other hand Italy intends to use her conquests as items that may be returned at the peace in exchange for equivalent concessions to Italy and her Allies, every Italian success is a step toward peace. Italy wishes aid from the United States. She wishes us to use the limited tonnage available not to carry troops to France, but to carry steel and coal to Italy. The first step toward securing such aid should obviously be the clearing up of American doubts as to Italian intentions. Are we asked to aid in an enterprise that brings us nearer to a stable peace, or are we asked to help Italy realize egoistic imperial ambitions?

ITALIAN suggestions that additional assistance should be given by the United States require careful consideration. The recent Italian offensive

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was undoubtedly of great service to the Allies. It must have withdrawn large forces from the Russian front. It must also have given impetus to the forces working for peace within the Dual Empire. Whether the Italian successes are of such a character as to indicate that the downfall of the Central Powers can be effected through the concentration of Allied forces on the Italian front is another question. Only forty miles lie between the Italian trenches and Laibach, and from Laibach the road to Vienna lies fairly open. But forty miles over a mountainous terrain is not an obstacle to be overcome in a single thrust. And suppose that the Italians were at Laibach. They would still have to confront a huge army, with better lines of communication than their own. Napoleon, to be sure, found it possible to crush Austria, once his army had arrived at Laibach. But in Napoleon's time lines of communication had not attained the supreme importance they possess today. With adequate supplies of guns and munitions the Italians may greatly weaken the Austrian morale, and they may even take Trieste and Fiume. Even this would be a tremendous achievement. More is hardly to be expected.

SOME months ago the newspaper press of the country became hysterical at the attempt of the administration to organize a censorship and predicted the undoing of the republic in case the freedom of the press was impaired. After a full discussion of the matter lasting throughout many weeks Congress refused to authorize the innovation. During the past week this decision has been practically reversed without any protest from the guardians of free speech. By means of a clause in the Trading with the Enemy Act officials of the administration are given the power to prevent the circulation of all publications which in their opinion are publishing seditious matter. A rigorous censorship of opinion has been instituted, and it will be administered not by officials particularly appointed for the purpose who operate so far as possible under recognized rules and who might have been instructed not to strain their discretionary powers. It will be operated by officials of the postal department who, no matter how capable they are in performing their regular work, have no training or qualifications for the delicate job of placing wholesome restrictions on the freedom of public utterance. There has been no evidence as yet of any desire on the part of the official censors to use a wise and statesmanlike discretion in the exercise of their powers. The apparent indifference of President Wilson to the behavior of his subordinates and his own overt or tacit encouragement to the wave of intolerance which has been sweeping over the country has been discouraging to many of his supporters. They do not like to see so fine a cause as that of America in this war sullied and compromised by such unnecessary and inexpedient violence.

CABLES from Paris are supplying little or no information with which to place a correct estimate on the situation in France. The Ribot ministry fell in part at least because it no longer commanded the confidence of the Socialists. They demanded the infusion of younger blood into French military and diplomatic action. Painlevé was asked to form a ministry because he, unlike Ribot, could secure the support of the Socialists, but apparently that is precisely what he has failed to do. When the new ministry asked for an expression of confidence from the chamber they abstained from voting. Obviously this is a situation which cannot endure. Either Painlevé will have to pay the price of Socialist support and representatives of the party will be included in the ministry, or else the task of forming a ministry will have to be passed on to some one else. France cannot afford to trust its peace and war policy to a government which is not supported by such an influential group, and a group which in the past has so loyally sustained the national cause. How serious the break is between the Socialists and the majority of the chamber we have no certain means of knowing, but probably it turns chiefly upon the attitude of the French foreign office towards Russia. In that case it is likely to run deep and to demand drastic measures before it is overcome. For the good of the joint cause of the Allies it needs to be overcome promptly and completely.

CALIFORNIA has an indefeasible legal right to determine for herself what evidence she will consider conclusive of the guilt of the persons accused of complicity in bombing the preparedness parade. But in time of war a state that is loyal to the nation will recognize that states' rights must often be tempered to the national interest. Just now the national interest requires the fullest possible coöperation between labor and capital. Whatever embitters the feeling between the industrial classes is an aid to the enemy. California is surely aware of the fact that in the country at large the trial of Mooney and his alleged associates is regarded, at least by laboring men, as a trial of strength between capital and labor, not a case of common crime. The execution of Mooney and the conviction and execution of his co-defendants would be regarded as a demonstration of the ruthlessness and unscrupulousness of capitalism. This view is perhaps unjust to California, but it is not

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to be denied that much that has been reported in the press lends it color. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce has stood behind the prosecution. The conduct of the case by the district attorney's office has not been such as to inspire general confidence. Much of the testimony upon which the prosecution has rested looks decidedly suspicious, to say the least. The defendants may be proven guilty in the end on evidence that all reasonable men must accept. But California owes it to the nation to hold the case open until such evidence has been made generally accessible.

STEEL prices as fixed by voluntary agreement between the producers and the War Industries Board will give rise to very little murmuring on grounds of inadequacy. Fifty-eight dollars for bars, sixty for shapes and sixty-five for ship plates are prices allowing amply for inflation in costs. With such prices the smaller establishments will make profits large enough to encourage maximum production and the large concerns will be placed in a position to contribute heavily to the excess profits tax. Thus the steel industry appears at first sight to have received more generous treatment than the coal industry and the wheat growers. The official prices of coal and wheat do not afford a profit to the least favored producers. But this appearance of favoritism to the steel industry is delusive. The difference between the cost of production of the most efficient plant and that of the least efficient plant is not wide. It is therefore possible to fix a price not unjust to the less efficient and not unduly favorable to the most efficient. In coal and wheat production the differences in cost are subject to extreme variations. However high the official prices may be set, there will be some producers of coal and wheat that will hardly recover their costs. In such industries prices satisfactory to all producers would be tolerable only in case we had a much more systematic development of excess profits taxation than Congress is likely to undertake.

A CLOSE observer who during the past few months has traveled much through the thinly populated regions west of the Mississippi river reports one interesting observation upon the effects of the Adamson Law. In that part of the country the railroads dominate the life of the community and railroad employees count largely in the formation of local opinion. They have been almost wholly uniformly loyal to the national cause, and their loyalty has been of great practical benefit because under the decentralized administration of the draft much depended upon the attitude of public opinion in these remote communities. According to the same observer the Adamson Law has operated to bring about the results desired and predicted by the brotherhoods. It has not to any general extent tended to raise wages; but it has helped to make working conditions tolerable and to enable the railway trainmen to spend more time in their own homes. These observations are not the result of an exact and comprehensive inquiry; but they are based on many conversations with train men throughout the western states and are reported for what they are worth. It is so easy to purchase the loyalty of wage-earners by satisfying their fair demands and by giving them some control over the conditions of their own lives that one can only marvel at the stupidity of employers in stubbornly resisting every attempt of their employees to secure some measure of economic independence.

THE Bureau of Child Hygiene of New York City has won, and earned, a nation-wide reputation in the field of prevention of disease. Since its establishment in 1908, five states and almost every important city in the country have created bureaus modeled upon it. The most striking index of its efficiency is the decline in the infant death rate in New York City from 144 per thousand in 1907 to 93 in 1916. In spite of the enormous increase in the population of the greater city during the decade, there were 4,619 fewer deaths of infants in 1916 than in 1907. Nevertheless the Commissioner of Health has proposed, at a meeting of the subcommittee of the budget held on September 24th, to abolish this bureau, along with the three other field bureaus of the department, consigning the functions of these bureaus to the control of forty local health officers under the jurisdiction of the assistant sanitary superintendents of the several boroughs. The directors of the bureaus would by this plan be retained in the department's service, but they would serve merely as advisers of the sanitary superintendent, and would have no administrative control over the services they had organized. Now, we have the fullest confidence in the public spirit and sound judgment of the Commissioner of Health. Doubtless he has valid reasons for proposing so radical a change. But the matter of its children's health is of such vital concern to any city that any serious departure from a policy of child welfare that has worked well ought to be laid before the public for approval. The new plan is an experiment. It may save thousands of lives, or it may cost thousands. It ought not to be decided finally in meagrely reported meetings of budgetary committees.

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AMONG the counts upon which Governor Ferguson of Texas was impeached, two are of special interest to university men: No. 16, That he sought to coerce and influence the Board of Regents of the University of Texas to do his autocratic will; and No. 17, That he sought to violate the law by removing regents without adequate cause. Unwarranted political interference in the affairs of state universities is an evil unhappily not confined to Texas. It is a serious reproach upon democracy that freedom of thought and teaching is less securely established in the state universities than in institutions endowed by private philanthrophy. But in no state, in recent times, has a university suffered so severely from political interference as in Texas under the autocratic régime of Governor Ferguson. Probably the governor would not have been brought to trial on this ground alone. But it is none the less significant that the Senate found against him on these two counts, and that either count would have been sufficient to exclude him from office, even if financial irregularities had not been established.

Disarmament and Democracy

THE replies submitted by the governments of the Central Powers to the Pope's plea for peace have been characterized in the daily papers as a new move in the German "peace offensive." The characterization is correct. The Germans, as we pointed out last week, have allowed the military initiative to pass to the Allied armies, apparently because they are convinced of the impossibility of a decision on land except at the cost of a heart-breaking process of competitive annihilation. They have ceased to count upon winning a decisive victory by means of the submarine attack on the communications of their enemies. That offensive, too, has only availed to increase the volume of human goods and life which is needed to satisfy the war's insatiable appetite for destruction. They have, consequently, shifted their attack again and are now seeking to better their military position by a political initiative. They are methodically developing an agitation for peace, which if it succeeds may save something from the wreck of their great adventure and which if it fails may at least place the German people in a stronger position than their enemies to endure the strain of another year of grinding war. Manifestly German military and naval operations are now being subordinated to a settled policy of invigorating and sustaining a peace propaganda.

But although the newspapers are fully justified in appraising the present German strategy as a political offensive, some of them draw incorrect and dangerous inferences from the estimate. Because they recognize the damage which a German peace propaganda may do to the cause of the Allies, they propose to treat the new initiative as a military assault which must be blindly and indignantly repulsed. They propose to answer it by words of defiance and by a renewed declaration of intention never to stop fighting until Germany is willing to sue instead of to negotiate for peace. This attitude is, we believe, justified in so far as it insists on the advisability of an increase, rather than a relaxation of military and naval preparations and exertions, for any evidence of relaxation might be treated by the Germans as a sign of weakness. It is, however, wrong in trusting to recriminations and words of defiance as a sufficient or even a safe defense against the German peace initiative. In this region the Allies cannot allow the Germans to dictate the tactics and force the fighting. The new political offensive is serious, timely, well organized and will be carried through. It is directed not as it was last winter against the strongly fortified political trenches of the Allies but at the weaker part of what may be called their political communications. Just as the President's diplomacy rests on an appeal to German liberalism, so the German diplomacy rests on an appeal to English, Russian, French and American pacifism. It is intended to divide the more pacifist countries like Russia and the United States from the less pacifist countries such as France and Great Britain. It is intended to widen any breach which already exists in those countries between the less and the more bellicose parties. To answer it exclusively by words of defiance, by increasing military preparations and by insistence on military victory only increases its effectiveness. Such tactics ignore the fact that the Germans are either appealing to or are seeking to undermine the strongest moral support of the Allied cause. While the statesmen and editors of the Allied countries are triumphantly asserting how little they fear the German peace offensive, that offensive is actually working on the minds of many of their humbler and less valiant fellow-citizens, and it is working all the more powerfully because of the blindness and stupidity of the ordinary retort. It is making many of those who carry the burden of the war ask whether the attitude of a group of nations which is fighting expressly to secure an enduring peace, should not be somewhat more considerate of what is, at least on the surface, the most formidable concrete peace program ever submitted to the world by the government of a great and powerful nation.

It would be sheer madness for the governments of the Allies to underestimate the explosive force

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of this German peace offensive. It consists essentially of a proposal for general disarmament and the future settlement of international controversies by compulsory arbitration. It contains an express endorsement by the German chancellor of the "no annexations and indemnities" resolution of the Reichstag. It will undoubtedly be followed by an offer to evacuate Belgium and northern France in return for the evacuation of the German colonies. Such a proposal cannot be ruled out as vague, evasive and meaningless. The Germans offer to abandon by joint agreement the most dangerous of all obstacles to an enduring peace and they offer to substitute for armies a better method of securing international justice and bringing about the needed international readjustments. If their proposal could be embodied in the treaty of peace, it could be said with perfect conviction that the war would be worth all that it had cost in treasure and blood, that our brothers in Russia, France and the British Commonwealth had not died in vain. The signatories of the treaty would be doing something more and better than safeguarding the world for democracy. They would be furnishing to democracy its first opportunity of undistracted and unthwarted development. For the first time in history there would be a fair chance of releasing human aspirations and energies for the service of all mankind.

But, it will be answered, the German government does not really mean what it says. It has submitted a plan of disarmament and obligatory arbitration for the purpose of undermining the fighting morale of its enemies. As soon as its purpose is accomplished of dividing them into peace and war factions, it will place an impossible interpretation and application upon its vague phrases. No terms of peace can even be discussed with Germany until its ruling class is superseded by a government which the world has sufficient reasons for trusting. All this may be true, but if it is true the way to defeat the intrigue is not to denounce and repudiate it, but to find some means of exposing its perfidy. Manifestly the only way to bring about an exposure is to accept it as an informal basis of discussion. If it is not accepted as a basis for discussion, liberals in Germany and pacifists all over the world will suspect that the Allies are more interested in crushing Germany as the result of a decisive military victory than they are in laying the foundations for an enduring peace. If it is accepted as a basis of discussion not only will liberals in Germany be encouraged and strengthened to hold their own governments to an honest attempt to place an acceptable interpretation on the program but those pacifists among the Allied nations who have supported resistance to Germany in the interest of an enduring peace will have no reason for suspicion and disaffection.

Such a discussion would not imply an armistice. There should be no cessation of hostilities until German good faith had been proved and an understanding had been reached in reference to the more important of the special problems with which the settlement must deal. A relaxation of military and economic pressure before a satisfactory basis for a treaty of peace had been formulated would merely encourage the German government to increase its demands. By refusing an armistice the Allies would prove the inflexibility of their intention to fight until they had adequate assurance of a regenerate attitude on the part of the German nation and its government, while by permitting a discussion of the proposal, they would be subjecting German good faith to an infallible test.

The New York World asks whether the reply to the Pope is an expression by the German government of hypocrisy or repentance. As long as there can be any doubt as to the answer of this question it is the business of the diplomacy of the Allies to remove the doubt. They can do so by asking the German government through the Pope to elaborate and apply its proposal, to state how far it proposes to carry disarmament, to define what guaranties would be exacted as to the reality of the process and to suggest what principles of international right the court of arbitration would be authorized to expound. The answers to such questions would not only soon show whether Germany is hypocritical or repentant but in so far as it is repentant they would tend to bridge the gulf between the German proposals and the specific arrangements which would have to be reached before an armistice could be considered. This is the most effective way to expose the hypocrisy of the Germans, if they are hypocritical, or to encourage their repentance, if they are repentant; and it is plainly demanded by the President's policy of seeking to build up in Germany a liberal opposition to the government which will in time wax stronger than the government itself. An absolute refusal to discuss the German proposal would strengthen the reactionary parties in Germany and increase enormously the difficulties of dividing the German people from their government. The German liberals may well ask, as Maximilian Harden does: what better evidence and guaranty of reformation can they offer than the proposal to disarm? A disarmed Germany without a responsible ministry would be a more trustworthy associate for the democracies of the world than an armed Germany with a responsible ministry. Armament may not be fatal to democracy, but assuredly disarmament would be fatal to autocracy. In default of soldiers

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and guns Prussianism would be comparable to a ship with a steering apparatus but without any motive power. It would be utterly and irrevocably destroyed. If there is any chance of such a boon the peoples of the civilized countries are entitled to know it. They will not in the long run tolerate a diplomacy which neglects any plausible opportunity of securing it.

What the War Loan Means

LABOR and goods are the real contribution of our civil population to the winning of the war. Money, as everyone is now coming to realize, serves only to mobilize these prime necessities. When our Allies ask of us a loan of a billion dollars, nothing is farther from their desire than a billion dollars in gold or silver or paper. What they do desire is a command of the goods we can produce, or going back to the elements, the materials and labor out of which can be created food supplies and munitions, guns and trucks and railway cars, aeroplanes and ships. Our financial authorities have again and again assured us that the money raised for our Allies is to be spent in this country. The assurance is superfluous. Suppose that the British and French and Italians were fatuous enough to carry away a billion in cash. What would they do with it? Spend it on their own industry, employing their own laborers to work up their own materials for military use? They need not pay interest on loans from the United States for any such object. They have already at hand means for employing all the labor they have available. The money they borrow abroad can serve only one useful purpose, to pay for goods and services from abroad. If our Allies carried away the money they borrow from us, they would be under the necessity of sending this money again to the countries from which they can procure goods and services. And as matters stand, the principal source of goods and services upon which the Allies can draw is the United States.

Our Allies seek to borrow, not money, but goods and services. Neither does our own government want anything else. If we fight for a year we shall have to borrow ten billions. What really do we want with this colossal sum? Merely the goods and services it represents. The government does not intend to set about draining away the circulating medium that supports the flow of commerce between the great centers of trade and the remotest hamlets and farms. The sums the government raises, in last instance from productive industry, it must spend on productive industry. The government expects those who draw incomes from iron and steel and coal to subscribe freely to the new loan. It will expend enormous sums of the borrowed money upon iron and steel and coal. Capitalists and laborers in the textile and the leather industries are expected to subscribe to the loan, and much of the loan will be expended on army uniforms, tent cloth, shoes, harness. The farmer is expected to subscribe, and the government in turn expects to buy heavily of the products of the farm. All this means just one thing. The government is asking American industry to lend its products and services, and to take in exchange the government's interest bearing securities, which will remain, in spite of the havoc of war, the best investment paper in the world.

Our European Allies borrow money of us, and spend the money on our industry. They might indeed borrow of us, to spend in China or Argentina, but we should regard such a practice as rather unfair, if carried to extremes. In the end we should be inclined to place restrictions upon loans to nations that preferred to stimulate the industry of other countries than ours. There is an analogy here worth attention when we are considering our obligation toward loans to our own government. The money that the government raises among the capitalists must be spent for the products of labor as well as of capital. Would it be fair for the laborer to expect the capitalist to lend his managerial services and the use of his equipment to the government, taking in exchange the government's paper, and at the same time to find cash to cover all the laborer's industrial claims? Or ought not the laborer to subscribe to the loan in the measure of his ability, thus lending the government his services? Is it decent for the farmer to hold aloof from a loan much of which is destined to be spent on farm products? Just as decent as it would be for the munition makers to demand cash and to spend it in pleasant living when the government can raise cash only through the assumption by other citizens of the obligation to lend.

Financing the war means turning over to the government goods and services in exchange for the government's promise to pay. Not the rich alone, but the poor as well, not the centers of trade alone, but the regions of primary production as well, are under obligation to help finance the war. Individuals may indeed say, "We will serve the government, but only for hard cash. We will have none of the government's paper. We can find better investments for our money." But such individuals are morally estopped from raising a cry against persons who shirk the draft, or persons who profiteer at the national expense. Such persons too only place their private advantage above the national need.

But there is more than a moral reason why the obligation to subscribe to the coming war loans should be universally accepted. To carry on the

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war we need goods and labor—nothing more. We need an immense volume of goods, the services of millions of laborers. Where are these to come from? Partly through restricting our consumption, partly through the increase and better coordination of our labors. The man who labors as usual and spends as usual contributes only negatively to the winning of the war. The man who labors harder, but spends proportionately more, contributes only negatively. It is the man who though laboring no more yet manages to spend less and so adds to the surplus of goods, or the man who spends no more, but labors more, who really adds to our national strength in war. There must be ten million American families of modest income that could reduce their expenditures by an average of one hundred dollars each. This would mean a billion dollars' worth of materials and labor that could be placed at the disposition of the nation. It would mean the equivalent of the services of a million men.

When a man of small income uses some part of it to subscribe to the loan, his contribution to the national power is immediate. He uses less wheat and meat and there is more for our army and our Allies. He postpones the purchase of clothing, and there is more wool to keep our soldiers from freezing in the trenches. He manages on less fuel, and there is more coal for the munitions works and ocean transports. When a rich man invests of his income in the loan the result is less direct. He refrains from buying paintings and statuary; he builds less expensively, entertains less lavishly. All this releases few products for use in war. But the purchasing power he places at the government's disposition represents an additional demand for labor in the production of war goods. By virtue of this added purchasing power the government can induce more men to work, some men to work longer, others to work harder. Rich and poor alike must serve the loan, if the government is to have at its command the goods and services required to win the war.

But it may be said, the greater part of the wealth of the country is in the hands of a small minority: let this minority finance the war. Granting the premise: the conclusion yet involves the impossible. Rockefeller may own a billion dollars' worth of property, but with the best of will he could not contribute a net billion to the war loan. Suppose that he sold all he has, to put the proceeds into the loan: the sale would have absorbed other persons' purchasing power to the extent of a billion dollars and these other persons would have been placed in a position in which they could not subscribe to the loan. Rockefeller can put into the loan no more than his annual income—or so much as is not required for indispensable capital extensions. No rich man can do more to the net advantage of the loan.

What this means is that the war is to be financed, not out of the national capital of $200,000,000,000, the greater part of which may be held by the minority, but out of the national income of $40,000,000,000, the greater part of which is received by the majority. After all, not more than ten billions of our national income go to families having above twenty-five hundred a year or more; and we must have more than ten billions a year if we are to make war honorably. The rich must contribute according to their ability, but if we left it to the rich alone to contribute, we should stand as a nation of shirks.

Riding Two Horses

WHY should Dr. Michaelis tell the Pope of "the moral power of right"? Some will say that it is crude German camouflage. Others will regard it as bald hypocrisy, the last word in diplomatic pretense. Awkward and preposterous it is, from any point of view, but why should the screen employed by the Germans in their latest shift of position be this solemn proclamation of high ethics? There is more in their alteration of emphasis than ordinary hypocrisy or unintelligent camouflage.

The Germans themselves would like to supply a full explanation of their new approach to peace. Maximilian Harden informs us that the source of the new attitude is a new perception. The sun, we are told, is about to rise for the soul of mankind. "Most eagerly do we desire," he speaks for Germans, "to coöperate in the work of converting the misery and disgrace of this war into a new epoch. . . . We want to stop the war and prevent the possibility of new wars by the cultivation of a new spirit, which will so completely impregnate international intercourse with ethical feeling that never again shall humanity behold the day when force will strangle right." And so on. Everything that is spiritual in France and idealistic in America and ingenuous in Russia and forthright in Britain is supposed to throb eagerly at this promise of a world suffused with ethical feeling. It is a private discovery of brotherhood on the afternoon of September 21st, 1917.

It is less edifying but more reasonable to turn to the actual situation out of which the present note has come. It is the situation that Bethmann-Hollweg developed and that Chancellor Michaelis unavoidably inherited. The false and inflated tone adopted by the new chancellor is not necessarily an indication that his motive in discussing peace is untrustworthy. His attitude is more adequately explained as the best that could carry off the transi-

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tion from the pretensions of Bethmann-Hollweg in any style which German pride could tolerate. With the rhetoric of pride a fixed item in German international utterance, it is inevitable that Dr. Michaelis should come to talk of peace with an unhappy and embarrassing self-consciousness.

Nothing is better remembered in official Germany than the peace discussion of December, 1916. Never again, it was then declared, would Germany mention the word peace. At that moment peace was announced to be acceptable if it safeguarded Germany after the struggle in which she was victorious, but, having been obliged to take up arms to defend justice and the liberty of national evolution, Germany insisted on the recognition of her unconquerable strength, on the gigantic advantages gained over adversaries superior in number and war material, on lines standing unshaken against ever-repeated assault. War prosecuted to a victorious end, or else peace on the basis of German economic and military strength! That was the emphasis which Bethmann-Hollweg underscored in his formal note to neutrals, the eagle condescending to the dove.

It was clear when Dr. Michaelis assumed office in July that a fresh interpretation of Germany's responsibility for the war was going to be offered; and a consequent revision made of the mood in which peace could be entertained. It was an impossibility, of course, that aggression could be openly acknowledged, yet a glamorous account of German purposes and intentions began to be indicated so that a shift from the peace of victory could be made through the peace of invincibility and the peace of reconciliation down to "peace with honor." The chief document in this process of transition is the text of the German reply to the Pope. Here, without any change on the battlefield substantial enough to justify this change of front, there is a complete new groundwork of argument to support the notion of a continuously pacific Germany. All the insistence on victory is gone, all the declaration of unconquerable strength. The Germany we are now invited to behold is a Germany that has sought to safeguard, not its liberty of evolution, but its peace. "The German army should safeguard peace for us, and should peace, nevertheless, be broken, it would be in a position to win it with honor." On this basis, then, Germany can welcome any organization of the world that guarantees peacefulness. And the chancellor is moved to a piety that rivals the Pope's. "We are also convinced that the sick body of human society can only be healed by fortifying its moral power of right."

In the turgid passages that protest the German love of peace, Dr. Michaelis has plainly aimed at manufacturing moral antecedents for the present move toward negotiation. Had the echoes of Bethmann-Hollweg been long silent, it is possible that a firmer accent could have been employed in speaking of German pacific intentions. As it is, the shift in emphasis creaks with its own moral awkwardness. An escape is provided from the lofty insolence of Bethmann-Hollweg, an escape which all the eloquence of Maximilian Harden can neither dignify nor disguise.

Until the forces in Germany that represent the people are less impotent than at present, it may be fairly assumed that no move toward peace, however sincere, can be other than pretentious in utterance. All dynasties move toward peace rear-end first. Yet willingness to resume the discussion on a basis of warm ethical feelings and moral preoccupation is strong evidence of a longing for settlement. There would not have been such overstrain if the object were not so desired.

The Future of the Presidency

NO one could have expected that so profound an experience as this war could have left unchanged the nature of American government. Observers, indeed, have never been wanting to predict that the constitution could not survive a fundamental crisis; and if, in some sort, the Civil War seemed directly to negative that conclusion it was less in the hidden reality than in the formal appearance. Proudhon long since drew a vital distinction between the outward anatomy of states and the thought that is secreted in their hearts; and if the Civil War resulted in no structural amendments to the Constitution, it was emphatically a victory for centralization. The present struggle has simply brought to a dramatic climax the transference of essential power into the executive hands. "Federalism," Professor Dicey has written, "is but the union which precedes unity," and into that significant dictum could be written American administrative history for the last twenty-five years.

The private individual of Congress is dead, and it is surely important that there is none to sing his requiem. The traditional separation of powers has broken down for the simple reason that it results only in confounding them. Congress may delay presidential action; but there is evidence enough, even apart from the fact of war, that it is finding it increasingly difficult ultimately to thwart it. For congressional debate has largely ceased to influence the character of public opinion. New instruments of popular decision are everywhere in the making. New administrative organs are on all sides in process of construction. Much of what has come

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into being is, doubtless, temporary both in purpose and in influence. But all that has been created is important because it throws into bold relief the new emphasis of governmental activity.

It is indirect government with a vengeance. The Council of National Defense, for example, has no popular mandate for its rulings. It depends on what seems to have become the far more effective sanction of expert confidence. Congress, it is clear, would be chary enough of risking a total collision with its opinions. Few things have been more striking than the way in which, despite bitter criticism and opposition, Mr. Hoover was eventually accepted by men who did not like either his position or his purposes. Nor is the individual member of Congress alone in his eclipse. The congressional committees have become less the moulders of legislation than recipients who may alter its details. Even on the committees themselves the administration has now its avowed spokesmen. They seem to act very much as a British minister in charge of a measure in the House of Commons. They interpret the executive will; and we have seen recalcitrant members interviewed on policy by the President himself.

The key to the whole, in fact, has come to lie in the President's hands. The pathway of decision is his own, influenced, above all, by his personal cast of mind and by the few who can obtain direct access to him. This is not, it is clear, the government envisaged by the Constitution. Equally certain it is not a government which meets with the approval of Congress. But, outside of Washington, the old suspicion of executive power is dead; and popular sentiment has become so entirely uninterested in the processes of politics as to ask only for substantial results. In such an aspect, executive action is far more valuably dramatic than the action of Congress. A legislative assembly cannot, in the nature of things, do well the things that now need to be done. Government requires rapid decision, secret determination, continuous resolve. It must, in the last resort, have unified action, the action, at the most, of a small group so single in thought as to act as one will. With a modern deliberative assembly such action is impossible. It is responsible to the nation, and, by its very nature, it must have in mind the coming judgment of the nation upon its policies. A congressman is thinking less of the governmental decision that has to be made than of the verdict that will be passed upon his decision by his constituency at the next election. He cannot work swiftly and silently. What he is demands at once deliberation and prominence. But that is to say that his business is the elaboration of general principles which is in no sense the business of administration.

The old theory upon which Congress worked was, of course, entirely defective. It started out from the assumption that in it was deposited national sovereignty, and drew the conclusion that its business was the whole process of government. Since it was the maker of laws, it did not hesitate to encroach upon executive authority. There were times when it seemed likely to reduce the President to the position of its dignified butler. Such a conception might work in the days of laissez-faire. It might be satisfactory so long as the task of government was confined to but little more than guaranteeing public order. Time, however, was on the President's side. The more complex became the life of the republic, the more emphatic was the sway of the constitutional pendulum in his direction. The national existence had outgrown the old conditions. Government found itself compelled to become a definite and positive institution. What, perhaps, first gave the President his opportunity was the relative continuity of his power as compared with the more spasmodic opportunity of Congress. When the Presidency was in the hands of an active volcano like Mr. Roosevelt, the strain between executive and legislature became critically obvious; and if, in his tenure of office, the direction of affairs was not cast emphatically into his hands, it was still clear that the old conception of executive power was over.

More quietly, but also more effectively, Mr. Wilson has trodden in the path of his predecessor. What has been decisive in the earlier part of his period of office has been his purchase of legislation at the cost of appointment. Deeply as that exchange has been criticised, it is more than possible that it may prove to have been the fundamental step in the process we have been witnessing. It has taught people that the center of policy lies in the White House and Mr. Wilson's temperament has emphasized that impression. Unquestionably he has been an isolated figure; and where, in previous administrations, the personality of men like Mr. Root has been important, today Mr. Wilson very clearly transcends his chosen counselors. The result has been to give him at once the position of an American President and a British Prime Minister—a position to which Mr. Lloyd George has significantly attempted to approximate his own. Legislation, that is to say, is largely the expression of his policy; but he differs from Mr. Lloyd George in that his prestige is too immense to be seriously questioned, and his position secure from the chance adversity of congressional opinion. There is no executive authority to whom so much power has been accorded under the semblance of democratic forms.

What is the real meaning of this change? Of this, at least, we may be certain that it represents

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no momentary adventure. It is symptomatic of an experience in the history of democratic government to which, in some way or other, the forms of its structure will have to adjust themselves. It represents an implicit, even an unwilling, recognition that the old system of parliamentary government is inadequate. It was satisfactory in the rough-and-ready police-state which America was until the West had been opened up. But the permeation of the frontiers brought new needs; and the singleness of purpose which presidential government permits and congressional government can hardly understand was alone adequate to those needs. The executive was perhaps fortunate in that Mr. Wilson reacted with sufficient swiftness to each problem to impress his solution on public opinion long before Congress had realized there was a problem at all. That was very noticeably the case in the railway crisis which resulted in the Adamson Law; it has been even more strikingly evinced both in recent American foreign policy and in the dramatic rapidity with which conscription became law. National conversions of such significance have been rare in democratic history.

The executive, of course, has been largely aided by the war. A situation, for instance, which can enlist the aid of Mr. Root and the grim silence of Mr. Roosevelt is indeed fortunate for its development. The real struggle will come with the declaration of peace and the need of adjustments its coming will bring. Much of the prestige the President now possesses will go so soon as national prestige does not involve unity and swiftness of action. Many of his new-won powers will of themselves cease. What will remain is a vivid impression upon the national consciousness—an impression that may be of decisive importance if the peace be a dramatic one. But we may be sure that Congress will not acquiesce tamely in its own defeat—just as the British Parliament is beginning to awaken to the significance of its somnolence. A struggle between executive and legislature becomes then a real possibility. It will be largely a search for adjustments. There is enough historic necessity in the President's new influence to make it certain that he will retain the major portion of it. The decay of the parties, the mechanical modus vivendi of the senate and the house, the impossibility of treating present public questions by the old methods of deliberation, the inadequacy of our legislative procedure—all these are largely in the President's favor and a skilful man can make great play with them.

But there is so much without the record in the balance of these forces that much power must be admitted to the other side. The real test of the struggle will be in the use to which power can be put. Public opinion will care little enough how its problems are solved so long as they are solved. If the cost of living goes down, if employment is good, if strikes are few, public opinion will write this down as the justification of the new synthesis. Congressional power will come from the approximate equality of parties, the irritating technicalities born of the separation of powers, the inertia which attends on struggles that cannot, in the nature of things, have the drama that attended, for instance, the Parliament Act of 1911. New mechanisms, of course, are being suggested. There is much to be said for the representation of the Cabinet in Congress; though it is necessary to remember that the leverage thereby given to a powerful cabinet member who disagrees with the President might well prove disastrous. There is everything to be said for priority of government business. That has become necessary all over the world and it has incontestable merits in theory as well as in practice. It is doubtful if public opinion would tolerate a presidential power of dissolving Congress; the old suspicion of the executive is probably still too strong at bottom to make that possible. Nor does the necessity of asking the senate's consent make the proposal more attractive; for if the senate were to refuse the position of the President would be impossible. Never in the history of American government has the study of its mechanisms been so important. Ours is so significantly an age of discovery and reconstruction that few theories, and no practice, can hope to escape revaluation. Those whose business it is to analyze the workings of our constitutional machinery have a task fraught with the gravest consequences to the future of the state. For it is upon the manner in which it can, in the next generation, fulfil its functions that the survival of the present synthesis very largely depends.

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Fiat Justitia, Ruat Cœlum

SOMEONE once had the happy thought of summing up absolutistic morals in a phrase. That something called justice is to be done even though it bring down the heavens in ruin, is the final word of an ethics which is resolutely irrelevant to the circumstances of action and the conditions of life. But the skill which invented the phrase dulls by the side of the greater cunning which disguised the fact that the phrase is an ironic summary of every moral code that leaves consequences out of account. For it is only accident if abstract ethics does not always bring wreck in its train. Yet those who recommend this adage of an unswerving morality always wear an expression of superiority though wilfully disregarding the consequences of wreaking vengeance under the plea of vindicating eternal justice.

To get even is one of the radical tendencies of our original human nature. To hit back is part of the business of healthy animal defense. That the animal reaction takes so instinctively a mathematical form, a demand for an exact evening-up of the score, is one of the humors of nature, due perhaps to some intermingling of æsthetic symmetry. Among savage peoples nothing can exceed the literalness with which the dictum of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, is enforced. Witness the authentic record of a case where a man who killed another by falling upon him from a tree was condemned to sit in the place where his victim had been and permit some one else to fall upon him. Such absurdities show the primitively non-rational character of the impulse to retribution, the amiable disregard of any danger to the man whose turn it was to fall being characteristic of the disregard of results found in instinctive action.

But although the instinct of retaliation precedes intelligence, reason comes after and beholding the work of instinct flatters the enraged fighting animal by giving the eulogistic name of justice to his blind impulse. Then the dupe of passion, filled with the immense satisfaction of having discharged his emotion in action, is convinced that he was actuated from the start by a dispassionate love of the sublime moral principle of rational justice. Intelligence, which is effectively intelligence only when it directs instinct through foresight of consequences, relapses into the complacent accomplice of an animal passion. To make another suffer is not only to have the joy of successful power and satisfied instinct, but seems to mark the vindication of some universal cosmic law of righteousness. Thus it is that men of sound and vigorous physique moralize exclusively in terms of effecting righteousness when they turn moralists, while those of paler academic blood compensate for lack of immediate and muscular outlet for instinct by vicarious imagining of an impersonal law which mysteriously works justice.

When injury has been wrought and passions run high, mass psychology operates in the same way. How often is it argued that "justice" demands this or that, while the terms of an enduring peace are under consideration, when the context makes it clear that justice means taking it out on Germany as the chief offender, irrespective of the influence of the punishment inflicted upon the future. Indeed, it is often implied that there is something cowardly, almost dastardly, in any attempt to discuss the future of international relations until Germany's just penalty has been meted out. Let the heavens fall, let the war continue with all the suffering and destruction that it brings upon us as well as upon our foes, so be it that "justice is done"—that is, so be it that that retribution is visited upon Germany and the past is evened up. In such an atmosphere, one who bears in mind that the past is gone and cannot be undone, that no amount of future suffering lessens by the tiniest bit the sufferings of the past becomes a source of irritation and an object of suspicion to those who indulge in an irresponsible outburst of primitive emotion. He is thought to deny the essential principle of justice, and is lucky to escape without being charged with manoeuvering in the enemy's interest.

Nevertheless the future alone is ours to live in, to say nothing of being alone ours to influence. And no matter how long the war may last, the one thing which is sure is that the time after the war will last infinitely longer. It is this fact which makes it worth while to bear the miseries and destructions of war. It is this fact which aligns the seekers for retributive justice with the "stop the war" at any cost pacifist group. Both are so overwhelmed by the present, the amiable pacifists by its woes and the vengeful punishers by the wrongs done by those who brought it on, that they cannot see those long stretches of the future which in making war worth while also determine its just aims. The gist of rationality in human affairs is time perspective, while passion, even passion for peace for avenging justice, obliterates everything but the passing moment which then swells to form the entire landscape.

Suffering for misdeeds is indeed among the con-

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sequences which count in determining intelligent policy for the future. It is absurdly sentimental to say that force can never be so exercised as to affect men's minds, and that consequently defeat, actual or prospective, cannot aid in a reform of German lust for spiritual and political monopoly. Force, even shocks of force, can compel a nation or an individual out of a self-cultivated illusion of spiritual isolation, and remind it of the realities of a world in which others count and have to be taken into account. Especially is it true that suffering the evil consequences of resort to a course of military domination can permanently affect the future mind of Germany. For since, as German apologists are fond of saying, the German empire was created on embattled fields of victory, faith in a polity of organized autocratic militarism is justified by its past fruits for the German nation. Just as victory at the Marne would have fixed its megalomaniac insanity upon Germany for no one knows how long, so discovery that its polity does not pay is a condition of a change of national temper. But to view the demand for defeat and suffering as a factor in influencing the future is a radically different thing from treating it as a vindication of the majesty of Justice. The one course has measure and limit; it invites the use of intelligence to discover when and where and how much. The other course knows no metes nor bounds; it is a blind lurch into the infinite. It is lawless irresponsibility intoxicated with the mission of serving as executor for the absolute. In scorning to take consequences into account, it becomes blind to the destruction of one's own life forces involved in the ambition to play the part which primitive religions attributed to the Omnipotent. It fails to take into consideration the practicality of the task undertaken, and in assuming the rôle of the Almighty creates the illusion of an almightiness to decide the course of events which has no relation to military or economic facts. It is not sentimental pity for Germany but a wise self-interest which dictates that a pragmatic regard for the future and not a passion for abstract justice shall control discussion of the aims of war and the terms of peace.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Western Offensive

FOR good or evil we are committed to winning the war on the west. The time has gone by when there was any chance of winning it on the east; for though we could, by moderate concentration of troops and by gaining real supremacy in the air, make it impossible for Turkey to continue the struggle in the outlying portions of the empire, we shall not win the headquarters of her political power in that way. In the possession of Constantinople we should have had something in hand to bargain the Germans out of Belgium and France, and if the opponents of conscription in England had had any foresight or imagination they would have been "easterners" in their strategy, for in no other way was there a chance of ending this war by any expenditure of military force short of the utmost. But all that is ancient history. If we were now to make a great effort and win Palestine and Syria we should still have nothing to bargain with, for Palestine, once recovered from the Turk, will go to the Jews and Syria to the French, and there can be no thought of giving either back to Turkey. It follows, therefore, that the west is now the only way.

The opinion in England of late has perhaps been unduly despondent about the prospects on the west, but it has to be admitted that, apart from the entry of America, they are not so good as they seemed six months ago. America's entry too has been offset by the decline in the military power of Russia, and, though the amount of transference of troops between east and west in this war has been grossly exaggerated, there can be no doubt that by next spring Germany hopes to bring sufficient troops from the east to restore the balance disturbed by the appearance of American troops in Europe. Already the Allies on the west considerably outnumber the Germans, perhaps by fifty per cent, possibly by about as much as one hundred per cent. Supposing, therefore, that America by next spring has half a million men in France, the German calculation is that a transference of say 300,000 men from the east, would leave the balance of military power unchanged. They also count on using the winter to strengthen their positions in France and Belgium, and their argument is that if the Allies cannot get through this year their chance is not likely to be much better next year. In any case, they have a great deal of "pudding," as the children say, and they can afford to fall back a considerable distance before they are in any sort of danger. The British offensives this year have nearly all been fought on old battlefields. Vimy Ridge, recaptured this year, we had, at any rate a good part of it, and lost in 1916; Messines Ridge, won this year, we lost in the autumn of 1914; St. Julien and Pilkem, won in the recent Ypres offensive, were ours in the spring of

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1915 and were lost in the first gas attacks; even Hill 70, captured by the Canadians in the last offensive, was won for a few hours in the first battle of Loos in the autumn of 1915. It is a remarkable fact that in spite of the enormous increase in the size of our army in the last two years we are still, so far as Flanders is concerned, not as far on as we were in the month after the battle of the Marne. In September, 1914, anyone who had told us that in two years after increasing our army tenfold we should still be further back than we were then would have been accounted a lunatic. The inference is unmistakable that in the last two years forces have been at work which have neutralized our tremendous efforts in increasing the size of the army and the output of munitions. The startling fact can no doubt be explained, but not unless we face it.

The explanation is this. The whole history of military tactics is the constant oscillation of the balance in favor, now of the attack, now of the defense. Ever since the South African war everyone has known that the balance is heavily in favor of the defense—so heavily in favor that the Germans at the beginning of the war, in spite of an enormous superiority in numbers and equipment, were not able to break through our line, and we, with considerable, though not so great a superiority in numbers and artillery, are now not able to break through theirs. Nothing is more certain than that the numbers which America will be able to put into the field in France next year will not by themselves give us anything like the superiority that the Germans had over us in the autumn of 1914, even if we make no allowance for reinforcements that Germany may bring up from the east. The obvious conclusion is that if we want to finish the war next year it can only be by some radical change of tactics. At the present rate of progress, the war might go on in the west ten years before it reached a military decision, and though it is complimentary to the Americans to say that they will make all the difference, compliments will not alter facts. Some one said recently in England that none of our offensives had ever broken down for lack of men, and we may add as a corollary that we shall never win an offensive on the west by superabundance of gross totals of men. The military problem in this war is not one of numbers but of tactics and of material, in so far as this material serves our tactics.

It is no reason for self-castigation that we have failed as yet to solve the problem of attack which the Germans have failed to solve quite as signally as ourselves. But it is time that we got rid of the delusion that masses of men and of artillery are going to solve it. We have lived too long, in the military sense, on the idea of "blasting" our way through as the Germans have lived too long on the idea of "hacking" through. It is always possible by accumulating a sufficient weight of artillery, to destroy and then capture the enemy's first line positions. But until the same favorable conditions can be reproduced for the next attack, a long interval must elapse, usually at least a month, so that the weight of artillery, though it can ensure the reduction of any position however strong, cannot ensure a faster rate of progress than two miles a month. Against an army that advances no faster than this a defender has always time to construct a position behind the one he has abandoned and one just as strong. The problem of attack, in fact, is as much more formidable now than it was in the Boer war as the machine gun is more deadly than the rifle. What then of the alternatives? They are three. First, we may continue the present tactics, in which case our hope of victory depends solely on whether we kill the enemy faster than he kills us, and who tires first of the slaughter. Secondly, we may adopt the prescription of the Boer war and try to find a way around. But as the lines extend from the sea to the Alps, there is no way around except by a naval attack, and on the whole the weight of opinion is against the success of an attack from the sea under conditions such as now prevail. The third alternative is the way over.

Our English habit of regarding the intellectual problems of the war in terms of morality or of law is incorrigible, and it has made us miss the military logic of the U-boat campaign and the air raids completely. They are the attempts of Germany, baffled as we are baffled by the difficulties of frontal attack, to find the alternatives. The way around by the sea is barred to them even more decisively than it is to us. The only ways left are the way under, which is the U-boat campaign, and the way over, which is the air raids. Since their failures in frontal attack came before ours, it was natural that they should have hit on the alternatives before we did. What they have done is to substitute for the war of positions, in which they saw that the attack was at a great disadvantage, the war of communications, in which the advantage is on the whole on the side of the attack. We have to do the same. If the advantage of making this change in the character of the war seemed to Germany so great that she was prepared to affront the whole civilized world and even to incur the hostility of America, how much more keen ought we to be on making the change when we can make it without violating the law of nations and without running the risk of making a single new enemy?

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Perhaps this argument is breaking through a door that is already open in the United States, but it is not open here as the events in the air this year have proved. Superiority in the types of aeroplane can never permanently belong to either side, for it is always possible to produce a few machines that are better than the masses of the enemy's force. But what is disturbing is the evidence that the enemy is thinking out the development of air tactics faster than we are; the last raid on London, for example, owed its success almost entirely to the tactical formation of the enemy. Evidently the development of our air service is merely following that of our military and naval tactical ideas, which is almost stationary. But if we are to change a war of position to a war on communications—and on this change depends our chance of victory next year—the air service must lead, not follow, in the development of tactics. In other words, there should be a separate Ministry of the Air equal in status to the Ministries of War and the Navy. For the rest we have to make a compromise between having the enormous numbers which are necessary if we are to secure preponderance in the air and having perfect types of aeroplanes. It is not an easy compromise, but on the other hand, three months supremacy, if only it is sufficiently pronounced, should be enough to bring about the change that we desire. In a sentence, what we want is to force the enemy to retreat by cutting his communications.

HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM.

Tolstoy and the Russian Soldiers

IN all the discussions concerning the recent refusal of the Russian soldiers to continue fighting, singularly little has been said of their own convictions in the matter. Making due allowances for the German propaganda which has doubtless been instituted among them, and for their natural inference that there is no longer any need to carry on the Czar's war and for their eagerness to get back to the land which they believe is at last to be given to those who actually till it, may not religious scruples also be a factor in their momentous decision?

Was Tolstoy the mouthpiece of a great moral change taking place in the life of the Russian peasants or did he speak merely for himself when he unequivocally stated that thousands of them were ready, upon religious grounds, to renounce warfare? I recall an evening years ago when I sat in the garden at Yasnaya Polyana that Tolstoy outlined a possible situation very similar to this one and begged us to remember that the Russian peasant did not change his nature when he shed his blouse and put on the Czar's coat.

Ten years ago I wrote the following sentences: "Tolstoy at least is ready to predict that in the affairs of national disarmament, it may easily be true that the Russian peasants will take the first step. Their armed rebellion may easily be overcome by armed troops, but what can be done with their permanent patience, their insatiable hunger for holiness! All idealism has its prudential aspects. . . . In this day of Maxim guns and high explosives, the old method of revolt would be impossible to an agricultural people but the non-resistant strike against military services lies directly in line with the temperament and capacity of the Russian peasant. That 'the government cannot put the whole population in prison and if it could, it would still be without material for an army and without money for its support,' is an almost irrefutable argument. We see here at least the beginnings of a sentiment that shall, if sufficiently developed, make war impossible to an entire people, a conviction of sin manifesting itself throughout a nation." *

During the decade that followed the writing of these words the Russian Duma was established as the immediate result of the universal strike, and the religious dogma of non-resistance gradually came to have its pragmatic sanction. It is hard to determine whether the Russian soldiers who are now refusing to fight, have merely become so discouraged by their three years of futile warfare and so cheered by the success of a bloodless revolution that they have dared once again to venture the same tactics, or whether these fighting men in Galicia find singing in their own hearts the same good news which the early revolutionists took to Tolstoy lying in his grave in the forest of Zakaz—"Love to neighbors, nay the greatest love of all, love to enemies, is being accomplished."

Certainly the Russian revolution from the beginning overleaped all national boundaries and comprehended in its program peace and freedom for the entire world. It has been carried on by simple men who have had so little participation in national life that they are unconscious of the whole tenor of recent political history which has placed excessive emphasis upon

* Newer Ideals of Peace, pp. 231 and ff., The Macmillan Co., 1907.

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the nation as the limit of sympathy and of friendly obligations on the part of the citizen and at the same time has magnified the opposing interests and rivalries between nations. On the other hand, because they possess the Russians' inveterate habit of abstract discussion they had long debated between themselves the teaching of a religion which ignores national boundaries and claims the world for its field.

The youngest revolution is inevitably so much more radical than any of the existing governments resulting from previous revolutions, that it is not surprising that the Russian demands should embody in their internal policy fundamental labor and agrarian reforms—the latter so drastic as to change the entire system of land tenure—and in their foreign policy such inclusive phrases as "International Democracy," and "Universal Peace." For the moment the Russians stand quite free from the rampant nationalism swaying the rest of the world. When the accredited representatives of the workmen and the soldiers, sitting in their council at Petrograd, grew suspicious of the provisional government because of its attitude toward the Stockholm Conference and accused them of attempting "secretly to destroy the work of drawing together the toiling masses of all countries in behalf of peace," they thus defiantly addressed them: "With those who do not understand the need of ending this slaughter and suffering of innocent victims, the Russian revolution cannot walk hand in hand."

It is as if these Russians, as soon as the revolution was established, had instinctively abstained from warfare—a violence to which they had formerly submitted but which they never regarded as Christian—and had made a fresh approach to the tangled world situation; they also evince that endless desire of men, which torments them almost like an unappeased thirst, not to be kept apart but to come to terms with one another—*that spring of life which underlies* all social combination and political association. These Russian soldiers would make room within their newly secured space of light and warmth for all men; they would include even their enemies.

All the warring world is aghast at the Russians' refusal to fight, but in spite of their scoffing it is nevertheless true that reflective men in all of the belligerent nations are gradually recognizing the necessity for a new approach to the problem of ending the world war.

This necessity has recently been set forth by M. Henri Lambert of Belgium as follows: "The characteristic feature and dominating fact of the present highly critical situation of the belligerent world is that the various military, political and economic consequences arising from a defeat have developed to such a point of gravity that it has become for either side impossible even to contemplate submission to the will and power of the enemy. However, it fortunately remains possible for both sides to submit to a principle, to surrender to a truth. . . . Out of the international struggle has arisen a moral problem and a spiritual necessity." Are the Russians attempting a solution along spiritual lines while the well-established governments fail to recognize the hidden remedial powers which a newer democracy is striving to utilize?

Certainly the Russians are the most promising agency for the great task of converting the Central Powers to generous peace terms as their trenchant statement has gradually been converting the Allies. A meeting held in Leeds June 3rd, 1917, addressed by three members of the British Parliament, demanded that England restate her terms in line with Russia's, and the most recent statement issued by President Wilson stamps their simple formula with the approval of the United States.

We are all learning to say that the end of this war will doubtless see profound political changes and democratic reconstruction, when the animalistic forces which are inevitably encouraged as a valuable asset in warfare, shall once more be relegated to a subordinate place. And yet when one of the greatest possible reconstructions is actually happening before our very eyes, we are too timid to trust the spiritual force which achieved so much and might conceivably achieve more. The war-weary world insists that the Russian soldier shall forego its use and shall continue to fight.

It is quite possible that the Russian peasant soldiers are telling the East Prussian peasant soldiers in the opposing trenches what Tolstoy told them: *that the great task of this generation is to* "free the land" as a former generation had already freed the serfs and slaves; that the future of the Russian peasant depends not upon garrisons and tax gatherers but upon his willingness to perform "bread labor" on his recovered soil, and upon his ability to extend good will and just dealing to all men.

The Russian propagandists add to the enormous advantage of ardent aspirations and a newly consummated good will, a youthful self-consciousness which makes their own emotional experience the center of the universe and assumes that others cannot be indifferent to their high aims. If the Allies are seriously trying to treat with the German people as distinct from the government,

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the spoken word will certainly be found much more dependable as a vehicle of propaganda than the printed page, even if in our enthusiasm we attempt the naïve device of dropping democratic literature into the German trenches from aeroplanes. If the Allies find it reasonable to recommend to Germany, through formal state documents, such political changes as a chancellor responsible to the parliament, a representative body with power to initiate taxation, and other devices of self-government endeared through long usage to democratic nations, why at the same time should we deplore the man-to-man propaganda that is being carried forward on the eastern front by newly liberated Russians who out of their own experiences are urging revolt against autocratic government and who are recommending those very reforms which the Social Democrats of Germany have long been advocating? Certainly the Russians who at this moment are freeing themselves from the oppression of the enormous landed estates might most readily appeal to those Germans who have long contended that the foundation of parliamentary reform must be a change in the status of the land-holding Junkers.

Inevitably the results of such a propaganda are absolutely disastrous from the military point of view; but if the Allies are striving to win an entire people from the tenets of militarism, what teachers could be more convincing than men so enthusiastic over a governmental theory based upon the voluntary coöperation of self-directed individuals that they are ready to face a court-martial in order to act upon it themselves and insist upon extending it to the very men who are supposed to represent the military system in its perfection? They are at least treading the paths of martyrdom which Tolstoy believed to be the only way to peace.

It is certainly the wisdom of the humble, the very counsel of imperfection, which is exemplified by this army of tattered men who are walking so carefully in the dawning light. But they may be "the unhindered and adventuring sons of God," who are the bearers of the most precious aspirations of this generation. To insist that they continue in the old lines of warfare when they themselves believe that fraternal intercourse is more efficacious for their revolutionary purposes, will probably result in a failure of both methods. They will neither convert the German troops nor will they efficiently make war upon them. The outcome may easily afford another of those cruel examples, presented so often by history, in which the Good has been the greatest enemy of the Best.

JANE ADDAMS.

Tying Up Western Lumber

THOUGH it is irrelevant to the issues which have been tying up the northwestern lumber industry in strikes for the last eight weeks—with eighty per cent of the workmen out, a large part of the time—it is a good approach to the subject to note one circumstance of the forest fires which until recently menaced western Montana, northern Idaho, and eastern Washington. These fires, due, many editorial writers asserted, to I. W. W. plotting, were in fact brought within control partly because a considerable number of volunteers for fire-fighting were found within the ranks of the striking I. W. W. lumbermen. In Missoula, Montana, the local secretary of the I. W. W. organization also bore, I learned, the honorable title of Government Labor Agent; he had sent more than a thousand strikers to the fires, even taking his pickets out of the St. Regis district to do it; and his efforts had been approved in the federal forest agent's declaration that "the leaders of the organization have urged their men to go out and help the government fight the fire and stay on this job until the flames are controlled."

It is a good approach to note this, because it helps give credence to the assertion that not all the strikers in the Northwest are destructionists, bent solely upon handicapping the government at a critical moment.

The brand which set fire to the strike was the walkout of several hundred lumberjacks in the Humbird camps at Sandpoint, Idaho, without a referendum, and simply because they had tired of the way they were living. Improvement in camp conditions was made the first demand of the strikers. There has been little federal investigation in this direction, but testimony before the Commission on Industrial Relations disclosed primitive conditions which the slow march of social improvement cannot by this time have greatly changed. In many cases it was shown that forty loggers occupied a bunkhouse that should not have accommodated more than a dozen—the men sleeping two in a bunk, with two more in a bunk on top; a stove at either end, sending the steam rising from lines of wet clothes strung the length of the room; beds made in some cases by dumping hay into a wooden bunk; food that was unsavory; the crudest sort of provisions for cleanliness and sanitation. No doubt there were better camps and worse camps. But in view of the widespread dissatisfaction of the men the state regulations seem inadequate. In Washington there is no special legislation or regular inspection; simply rules without penalty promulgated by the State Commissioner of Health, who inspects the camp on request

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or incidentally only. In Idaho the bunkhouses are examined under the same general regulations that apply to hotels and restaurants, and in Montana only when the camp is situated on the watershed of some public water system. Certainly the first demand of the strikers, whether or not they were members of the I. W. W. organization, was arbitrable without giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

The other planks in the strikers' program called for a minimum wage of $60 a month and an eight-hour day, in an industry demanding more than the usual amount of exposure and risk on the part of its employees. The strikers demanded, finally, recognition of the right of organization, by the provision that all men be hired on the job or from the union hall. This was in part a revolt against the " rustling card " system which was used by the Humbird, Blackwell, Potlatch and other companies, and which compelled the employee to show a standard card of recommendation before receiving employment. The companies regarded this practice as a means of protecting themselves against agitators; the workmen have seen that as agitators are classed those employees most active in working for organization. It is always within the company's power to take up a man's card if it finds his services unsatisfactory.

Throughout the strike the eight-hour day has been the issue given chief consideration. There is a good case that can be made out against putting the western lumber companies, on an eight-hour day, into competition with a ten-hour day in the timber districts of the South and East—although, on account of the geographically diversified production, competition in the lumber industry cannot be measured in the same terms as competition in the business of selling wheat or wool. But underlying the question of hours was the more basic one of collective bargaining. That this was so is shown in the fact that at a meeting of employers and strikers called by the Washington State Council of Defense, during the second week of August, representatives of the workmen declared themselves willing to waive the issue of the eight-hour day if they could win a guaranty of the right of the employees to organize.

Meeting in Seattle on the 9th of July a group of a hundred and fifty employers discussed the proposals of the strikers. Their answer was to form the Lumbermen's Protective League, to which they agreed to forfeit $500 a day for every day's operation of less than ten hours. Nothing was said with respect to union recognition. Trouble, accordingly, went on gathering. By the middle of August the logging industry in Washington, Idaho and western Montana was at a stand-still. The mill workers had come out, too, with demands similar to those of the loggers, and practically every mill in Seattle, Ballard, Tacoma, Everett and generally throughout the Northwest was closed, either for lack of logs or lack of men to handle what surplus supply remained on hand. So far there had been no delay in the delivery of material for cantonments and wooden ships. But these interests were threatened when, about this time, workmen in four shipyards on Grays Harbor, at work on ships for the government's merchant fleet, declared that they would refuse to handle any lumber that came from a ten-hour mill.

At this stage federal and state interest in the issues of the strike began to be more responsible. So far, efforts at mediation from the outside had been limited chiefly to the dispatching of troops, the establishment of internment camps, and other measures which, however necessary as safeguards, could do nothing to narrow the field of disagreement. But on August 11th there came definite action on the part of the government, in a telegram from the Secretary of War to the chairman of the Washington Council of Defense, urging that the strike be settled by an establishment of the eight-hour day, with time and a half overtime if it should be necessary to operate longer hours. About the same time Governor Lister of Washington declared in a statement to the companies that regardless of the leadership of the strike—which might or might not be in I. W. W. hands—there were demands so obviously just to the workman himself that they should be granted at once.

These proposals were a cause of surprise and disappointment to the lumber press and employers. The American Lumberman, a spokesman for the industry, found in them, in fact, another instance of " not standing behind the government," though this time it was the government which was not standing behind itself. " When one considers the situation without prejudice or passion," it said editorially, " it is really pitiable to see the government grovelling in the dust and truckling to a lot of treasonable, anarchistic agitators and showing a willingness practically to paralyze a great industry simply to placate these agitators who are playing into the hands of our enemies and doing tremendously more harm to the Allied cause than the German army is doing. . . . With a little firmness on the part of the government the situation could be relieved and the mills be permitted to operate—and eventually the matters at issue could be composed in a way satisfactory to all concerned."

Firmness alone, however, is no more a cure for industrial dissatisfaction than it would be for a malarial fever. It has been demonstrated in Colorado, Paterson, and on the Mesaba range that unrest can be relieved only by cutting at its roots,

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and not by exerting pressure from above. The reply which the West Coast Lumbermen's Association sent to the Secretary of War promised fair treatment for the employees, but it had no mention whatever of the eight-hour day or the right to organize. It spoke out of the conviction that to own a business is also to own exclusive management of it, no matter what interests of the public may be involved. In replying to Governor Lister the Lumbermen's Protective League came no closer to a settlement of the strike, but a lot closer to an analysis of its causes. The League declared: "It is a matter of common knowledge and beyond dispute that the strike is an I. W. W. insurrection. The I. W. W. frankly state that they will make no agreement which they will observe. It is therefore utterly impossible to contract with them. To grant their demands is only to invite others. Their ultimate aim, as frankly proclaimed by them, is to destroy the wage system; to destroy property rights, and take over all property unto themselves. Such a doctrine, of course, cannot for a moment be considered."

The employers, that is, are in this position: even though they should be willing to bargain they feel that there is no responsible agency for them to bargain with. For an explanation of this predicament they may look back upon their own attitude in the past. The logging industry is a difficult industry to organize, because of the type of men it necessarily employs and the manner in which it scatters them; but it has been made harder still, as the A. F. of L. has found, by the hostility of the companies to collective bargaining. Having prepared no responsible agency with which to deal the companies now find themselves anchorless.

Whatever hope the companies may have of a capitulation on the part of their workmen, if they are in earnest in desiring an early end to the strike there is a step which they can take, with a good guaranty that it will not fail. The companies declare that they have just cause to fear I. W. W. leadership. Then, so long as they must have workmen, their logical next move is to quash I. W. W. leadership by alienating from it—in granting the right to organize—the men who now are only followers for the reason that they have felt the I. W. W. their one hope for improvement. The alternative to this course is a surrender by the men, either now or later on, which will of course do nothing to relieve their dissatisfaction with present hours, wages, and camp conditions. In these circumstances, the workmen will be more loyal than ever to their I. W. W. leadership; and with that leadership the strike will simply be transferred to the shop itself—in sabotage and industrial anarchy.

CHARLES MERZ.

Carnegied

WHEN Hannis University was first admitted to the benefits of the Carnegie pension fund, there was not a member of the faculty who rejoiced more extravagantly than Professor Bowen. Ten years more of harness, and then liberty! For weeks the professor walked and read and lectured absently, in a dream, a dream of the Seven Hills of Rome and a quiet apartment near the Vatican library. He could already feel the marbly chill of the long corridors, and the quickening of his blood as, late in the afternoon, he would step out into the red Roman sunshine. How rapidly he would transform into finished tomes of clean, weighty text and multifarious footnotes all those literary projects, sketched in or just outlined, that had lain dormant for so many years in the drawers of his office desk. But that was ten years ago, and now, as he stood on the threshold of liberty, he hesitated. Retirement he felt sure would be optional with him. The university would certainly prefer to keep him in active servite. Should he, then, exercise his option? He still wanted his liberty. He still wanted to write his books. But a new problem had arisen to vex him, the problem of his successor. It is one thing to abandon your shoes. That may be very pleasant. It is a quite different thing to behold another standing in them. That is very disagreeable, unless your successor is worthy.

Now, a worthy successor is dreadfully hard for any man to find. In the last year Professor Bowen had again and again reviewed the qualifications of the three men holding rank under him. The oldest one was plainly disqualified; he had a mad wife, poor fellow, and his sorrows had played havoc with his scholarship. The next in rank was also disqualified. He had received his training in Germany and had got sundry articles into German Zeitschriften, an honor that had gone to his head and had made him a devoted partisan of the Kaiser. But the third assistant, Professor Jores, was politically correct and domestically neutral, being a bachelor, like Professor Bowen himself.

Jores was an alumnus of the university, an important point in his favor. He had been one of Professor Bowen's first and most brilliant students, and when he became instructor, he had made it his chief ambition to expound, elucidate and defend Professor Bowen's system of thought. It must be understood that forty years ago Professor Bowen was a brilliant radical in his branch of learning. In those days the prevailing school had striven to make out of this branch a religion of things as they are. The radicals had put all their faith in science, declaring their readiness to follow wherever science

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might lead. The fight between conservatives and radicals was bitter, and Professor Bowen and his disciple Jores kept it up long after all the conservatives had been exterminated. A new battle was now on, between the mechanists and the humanists, but of this conflict Bowen and Jores refused to take cognizance. They were still holding their old entrenchments.

All this should have made Professor Bowen favor Jores's candidacy for the headship. But Jores was too obviously eager to have the matter settled. He was taking it too much for granted that his chief would retire. He did not even maintain a decent attitude of regret over the breaking of the old relation of master and disciple. Plainly Jores thought he could manage the department as well as it had been managed. Doubts naturally arose in Bowen's mind.

"Jores is a splendid fellow," Professor Bowen began to say to his confidants. "But is he the man to head a department in a great university? I fear not. He is an excellent teacher. In his thirty years of service I have never heard a single word of complaint from the students. But he is utterly devoid of originality. Every idea he has ever had can be traced to its source in other men's thinking." "Other men's?" Professor Bowen put it in the plural out of modesty. All his confidants were expected to know very well that Jores had traded exclusively on Bowen's intellectual capital.

"Vile old ingrate!" cried Jores, when the charge of lack of originality filtered through to him, as such charges do filter through even the tightest academic septa. And he reflected bitterly upon the ignominy of the position he had occupied. Had he not fought fiercely for Bowen's doctrines in the home faculty group and at association meetings abroad? Had he not exerted superhuman ingenuity to give content to Bowen's dogmas even when he knew them to be empty, to make them plausible even when they were clearly wrong? Genial critics had called him Bowen's fidus Achates, and brutal critics had likened the pair of Hannis professors to a bantam hen with a Shanghai chick that refuses to be manumitted. The edge of the comparison was sharpened by the facts of physical appearance, for Bowen was short and stocky, while Jores was tall, lank, and, as the stock breeders say, "growthy."

At first relations between the two professors remained outwardly cordial, but each seized every opportunity to shoot a poisoned shaft at the other through the fog of faculty gossip. Soon the students began to suspect that there was trouble in the department. Bowen's favorite pupils found themselves receiving harsh treatment and bad grades in Jores's classes. They complained to Bowen, who retaliated by failing two men who were too dear to the heart of Jores. "Either the hen or the chick; never both," was a registration formula that began to circulate among the more canny students. In the end Bowen could not resist the temptation to comment superciliously in his lectures on the inelasticity of mind of a certain teacher, whom the students found no difficulty in identifying as Jores. Jores made occasion to warn his students against sundry terrible fallacies, exploded thirty years ago, but still cherished by certain scholars who had failed to keep abreast of the times. The students were delighted. Men who had never before attended a lecture out of their regular course began to flock to Bowen's and Jores's lecture rooms. The faculty was scandalized, but the president's office remained deaf and blind. After something of a scene at Mrs. Harwood's dinner party, campus hostesses found it wise to adopt the formula, "Either the hen or the chick; never both." The president not only failed to observe this rule, but at a dinner given in honor of Dr. McAndrew, a visiting professor, the president actually seated the enemies side by side.

The visiting professor was a budding authority in the same field in which Bowen and Jores were fighting. He was, as he explained with great vivacity, a champion of the humanistic tendency. Almost the two enemies nudged each other in sympathy. On one thing they were in accord: the humanistic tendency was just one of those pathetic fads that arise every generation to suck the chaff of phrase makers away from the wheat of sound scholarship. The visiting professor babbled on and on, the president smiling charitably upon him. Professor Bowen made a measured remark, calculated to prick some bubble of the visitor's invention. Dr. McAndrew disposed of it with an epigram, quick and shallow, that made Jores's comb swell with indignation. He struck heavily at the interloper with an "It is an accepted fact." But Dr. McAndrew parried with a lightness and flippancy that outraged all Professor Bowen's sense of scholarly decency.

Bowen and Jores were closer together in spirit than they had been for two years. Almost with alacrity they accepted the president's request to go with him to his study to look at the new books.

"You will be pleased with some news I have to communicate," said the president. "Dr. McAndrew will be with us next year. He has accepted the post that will be vacated by Professor Bowen's retirement."

"But Mr. President!" gasped Professor Bowen. "Of course I had intended to retire. But hadn't I a right to be consulted? Besides, the men on the ground should have had something to say.

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We have all favored Jores as my successor."

"No," said Jores bitterly. "After my long occupancy of a subordinate position I should not be well qualified for the executive work of a department head."

"Exactly," said the president quickly. "No, that isn't the reason. You see, my dear Jores, you are an alumnus of the institution. And while we love our alumni, still, there is much criticism, among our students and in the town, of our tendency to inbreed, as it were. What we need, everybody says, is a little new blood. I'm sorry, but you understand, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jores. "But you will understand that, in the circumstances, it is impossible for me to remain."

"I feared you might feel that way," said the president, in a tone of regret. "Still, I'm not sure it's not better for your career to go out into the world. They say a rolling stone gathers no moss, but I think there is something to be said on the other side. And if you do make up your mind to seek opportunity elsewhere, it will relieve the university of some embarrassment. Professor McAndrew made it a condition of his acceptance that we should find a place for his friend Dr. Nott, who collaborated with him on his great work."

"I see," said Jores, "You have in anticipation accepted my resignation, and you have in fact filled my place. I thank you for a pleasant evening. Good night."

"I thank you too," cried Bowen. "And let me tell you, Mr. President, that it's a damned shame."

"You are forgetting yourself, Professor Bowen," said the president severely. "You are forgetting where you are."

"I don't care. It is a damned shame. That's just what it is."

A dozen student bands, prowling about at various hours of the night, gave testimony to the portent —Bowen and Jores, wandering about the campus arm in arm, apparently sentimentalizing over the landmarks. Bits of their conversation were overheard; they were recalling old memories. The next morning's bulletin reported Bowen Carnegied, Jores resigned. They are now living together in a dim apartment in the Campus Martius, engaged in composing a monumental work that will sweep away the humanistic school like feathers before an honest gale. They are living on a single Carnegie pension, which suffices for happiness in spite of high prices, under the red Roman sun.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Political Crime in Philadelphia

IN that Philadelphia ward which holds Independence Hall, there has raged in recent weeks a primary election campaign. Thus far it has written into its record serious assaults upon scores of citizens, the slaying of a detective, the arrest of six imported "gunmen" for murder, and the arrest of Mayor Thomas B. Smith, a ward leader and a police lieutenant on a charge of "conspiring to control political movements . . . and in execution of said conspiracy to commit assault and battery and murder."

With the killing of Detective Eppley on the morning of the primary election, September 19th, came the climax. The press unanimously pictured black political corruption and police manipulation of a boldness and thoroughness such as even this district, known for a generation as "The Bloody Fifth," had never before experienced. Social organizations, newspapers and individuals, after pleading for weeks with the mayor to forestall the threatened bloodshed, demanded his arrest in big headlines. Yet neither then nor since he accepted service of the warrant has Mayor Smith offered the public anything more than the phrase, now synonymous with his name, "Nothin' to say."

The fifth ward fight had its origin in the inability of the dominant faction of the Republican organization, in making up a harmony slate with the other wing, to resist the temptation to add to its already controlling strength. Nominees for the four $10,000 county offices were agreed upon. So also were the magistrates. But in the fifth ward, the Vare brothers, who hold the balance of power, and the Penrose-McNichol machine, under which the Vares developed, were to fight it out. McNichol controlled through James A. Carey. Against Carey the Vares put his former henchman, Isaac Deutsch. A seat in select council was made the ostensible object of the fight for ward leadership. At the time of the harmony agreement Mayor Smith was quoted as aptly stating the situation in the remark that in the fifth ward "clubs would be trump."

So it developed. For ten years the fifth ward had been bossed by Carey. Formerly a policeman and a magistrate, he had established his power by the free use of the police. In the new alignment, however, Deutsch controlled the police through his patrons, the Vares, whose word is usually law at city hall. The first public knowledge of the

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Deutsch idea came in the shape of accusations of draft exemption frauds. Arrests of Carey workers followed in numberless quantities. Merchants, accustomed for years to use portions of the pavements for display windows, were warned by uniformed patrolmen that they would have trouble unless they "turned in for Deutsch." But the process of intimidation did not reach its height until, ten days before election, thirty patrolmen of the fifth ward were transferred to other police districts and their places taken by men notorious for their activities in the days when a policeman was more an election officer than a guardian of the peace. From that time fights and arrests nightly disturbed residents of the fifth ward.

Since the days before Mayor Blankenburg removed the police from politics the fifth ward has undergone a decided change. When Carey ruled through the blue-coated arm, the fifth included the heart of the tenderloin. In the last six years, however, the Jewish settlement has extended north from South Street covering the major portion of the ward. The Jews characteristically endeavored to avoid trouble, but, fired by petty prosecution, some two hundred of them gathered at the district station house early in the month and voiced their protests to Lieutenant Bennett, now revealed as the chief Deutsch agent. The Big Sisters wrote an open letter to the mayor reciting cases of petty persecution and asserting that their work of "Americanization" was thwarted by the conduct of the police. The Rev. Dr. McDermott, for thirty-three years head of the Roman Catholic Church, described the police activity as "the worst yet."

The reply of the mayor was to send "special investigators" into the district. But the following day he received a delegation of Deutsch workers in his office with the announcement that he "stood behind the police"; that he was "against strong arm methods but if it was necessary for the police to club heads 'he wanted them' to club heads." On September 13th he met requests for the reports of his "special investigators" with blank refusal. From this point in the campaign the Deutsch faction moved with a free hand. Reporters attending meetings in the district were arrested and jailed, mostly without the formality of warrants or specific charges, but occasionally on the strength of absurd accusations by Deutsch workers that they were "disorderly characters" or pickpockets. On the eve of the election a gang wearing "Deutsch hats" and white ribbons under the second button of their waistcoats fired bullets through the windows of the Carey workers' political club, battered down the door, hammered a score of heads with their blackjacks, and withdrew leaving two men unconscious in the hall.

Disinterested women and children who witnessed the raid declare that fifty policemen of the fifth ward stood in the street outside the club during the whole affair. They entered after the raiders had left and carried the wounded to the hospital. The following morning James A. Carey and district attorney James H. Mauer were attacked by a group of men, similarly identified by ribbons and hats. Carey was beaten to the pavement unconscious. Mauer was also slugged. Detective Eppley, who had a clean record and was detailed to the district only that morning, rushed to their aid and was shot from behind by a second man. A negro policeman, standing a few feet away with several others, according to the district attorney's witnesses, arrested the unconscious Carey and placed him in a motor. The assassin and his companions turned the corner unmolested. Two of them were later arrested by other policemen as they fled, and they are now held as the confessed principals in the attack.

Deutsch workers had sworn out 125 warrants for the arrest of Carey workers and election officers while the vote was being cast. Of these twenty-six were served before the murder. Four polling places were closed by the police early in the morning without cause, and Deutsch men were installed by curb stone elections; a half dozen election officers, by law immune from arrest while at duty, were seized without warrants and taken to the station house. After the death of Detective Eppley, the worst of the disorder ceased. Three hours after the polls were closed it was known that Carey had won. This is said to be the first time in its history that the "Bloody Fifth" has refused to cringe before police clubs.

All investigations now run through District Attorney Rotan. As an important preliminary step in his investigations he requested the director of Public Safety, also a member of the Vare machine, to remove the fifth ward police lieutenant about whom the thuggery centered. His request was refused. He immediately placed it before the mayor. Meanwhile the detective bureau used fifth ward detectives to investigate their own crimes.

Where the trail will lead it is impossible to forecast. Against the desperate efforts of the men involved to cover their tracks is pitted former Judge James Gay Gordon, a criminal lawyer of the keenest ability and unimpeachable character. In his capacity as council for the citizens' committee he already has in hand a vast quantity of evidence with which he has pledged himself to carry the prosecution "to the end." Among the evidence are said to be affidavits which actually incriminate the mayor in the murder conspiracy.

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Whatever the effect of Judge Gordon's charges, however, it is only by a political miracle that the Republican machine can wash its slate. Philadelphia is still corrupt but not altogether content. Since the primary election an Anti-contractors party has been born, with fusion for its purpose. What it will achieve depends more on its leadership than any other single element. Certainly so long as it promises a semblance of improvement it will have the support of thousands of voters who saw red when they realized their utter inability to halt the fifth ward machine, or even to keep Mayor Smith away from his Atlantic City cottage long enough to make a pretense of meeting the situation. Philadelphia has been long in recognizing the twin bonds corrupt politics and industrialism have fastened upon it. But today they cut and bruise.

HAROLD P. QUICKSALL,
WILLIAM A. MCGARRY.

Oblivion

I hear his claws in the bark
Crawling up the tree of life—
I throw him all I have.

WITTER BYNNER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Defense of People's Council

SIR: The article on the People's Council convention by Charles Merz, which appeared in your issue of September 8th, displays a curious lack of imaginative comprehension of the difficulties under which the convention met. Mr. Merz's chief point is that the Council, far from being democratic in its methods, was in reality controlled by an autocratic executive committee; that its platform was not the free deliberation on the part of the assembled delegates, but was predetermined by the organizing committee in New York long before the convention met.

That the delegates had no opportunity to deliberate on important matters was unfortunately true; but that lack was attributable not to an autocratic executive committee but to the armed forces of the state of Illinois and an autocratic governor. Try to imagine a group of several hundred delegates from all parts of the country sincere and earnest of purpose meeting in Chicago after having been denied their constitutional rights of peaceful assembly in three successive states and their representatives having narrowly escaped physical violence at the hands of irresponsible mobs. Imagine the two brief sessions of the convention, the first broken up by the police, the second held with the knowledge that soldiers were already on their way to break it up. Obviously the immediate business was that of organization without which the Council could neither carry on its work, nor even consider itself in existence.

Of course the delegates could not discuss planks in a platform; there were three regiments, I believe, of militia, to say nothing of artillery and special police, sent to Chicago to prevent this. And a tentative platform drawn up by the organizing committee for purposes of propaganda had to serve.

I fancy that the revolutionists in Russia had of necessity to work at the direction of small secret bodies. And conditions in the United States are rather bad when those who differ with an administration policy are forced to use Russian methods. Who can say that under normal circumstances the convention as a body would not have thoroughly examined and passed upon each plank proposed, even that of conscription? To charge the Council with dogmatism and inflexibility when conditions entirely beyond its control made impossible any flexibility shows a lack of understanding which should prevent Mr. Merz's report from being taken as trustworthy.

Nowhere does Mr. Merz mention the address of Dr. Magnes at the opening of the second session which endorses, albeit with some very necessary qualifications, the President's answer to the Pope. The first indication of a liberal attitude on the part of Mr. Wilson brought a quick response. Surely that was flexibility and undoubtedly there would have been an illuminating discussion on the point had opportunity been presented.

I dislike to inject the personal note into a communication of this sort, but I should like as a striking comment on Mr. Merz's charge of a predetermined platform to remark that Mr. Merz and myself had lunch on the special the day before the convention met and at that time he outlined almost the exact substance of what appeared in his article. Isn't it possible that Mr. Merz had preconceived ideas of the People's Council and wrote his article in the light of those ideas rather than with a sympathetic understanding of actual conditions?

MERRILL ROGERS.

[Note: Mr. Rogers' point is that "conditions entirely beyond its (the Council's) control made impossible any flexibility." The point I wished to make was that if from its creation the Council had been able to show flexibility, it might have attracted such vigorous popular support that conditions would not have been entirely beyond its control. Naturally, since what I regarded as inflexibility had been in evidence for several months, I could not help having a suspicion of it on the day before the convention met.—C. M.]

Negro Imagery

SIR: Apropos of The Epic of the Black Man in a recent issue of The New Republic, I should like to cite the following:

Many years ago, at a religious meeting in the woods in Georgia which I was carrying on, a tall black woman broke out with this song which seemed to have been born on the occasion:

Dark clouds a-risin'!
Thunder-bolts a-bustin'!
Master Jesus comes a-ridin' by
With a rainbow on his shoulder.

The stanza was followed by this refrain:

Ah, sinner!
Ain't you tired a-sinnin'?
Yes, my Lord;
Gwine to join the band with the angels.

I remember the tune well, and thought the song then the boldest piece of imagery I had met.

T. G. STEWARD.

Wilberforce, Ohio.

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To American Workingmen

Marching Men, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50.

IT is Mr. Sherwood Anderson's distinction in Marching Men that he summons the rawest American people, brutal in their callous acceptance of their own ugly and shoddy material condition, flaccid in their personal tastes and futile in their spurts to escape from banality, barbarous in their solemnity about trivial things and their levity about serious ones, cruel in their enforcement of submissiveness and their drunken explosions against it, anarchic in their relation to any sustained purpose outside the immediacies of their food and shelter, their women and their progeny.

Having possessed himself of the vast part of the life of the vast proportion of the American people, Mr. Anderson wanted to do something besides represent its disorder and brutality and ineffectiveness. He wanted to show how it could be led. It is the failure of his book, as I see it, that he has made his hero a primordial figure about whom he is clearly infatuated. The sensational and spectacular scheme by which this Pennsylvania miner aspires to evoke the solidarity of labor hardly succeeds in escaping the ludicrous. But Marching Men is not a literal novel. It has, indeed, its large element of the caveman piffle that played such a part in the romanticizations of Jack London, but outside this puerility, this day-dream of the male egoist, there is a great deal of inspiring symbolism in Marching Men, and it is justifiably dedicated to American workingmen. Perhaps, as the success of Jack London intimates, it is necessary in the novel of the proletarian to reproduce for modern hero-worship the simple Herculean giant who invariably downs his enemy. It is not the prowess of McGregor that makes Marching Men a living presence, however, so much as the freshness of feeling about workingmen and women, the vividly frank and abrupt opinions, the flashes of energetic description, the perverse notions concerning women, the details of mining town and apple-warehouse and night restaurant and Chicago pulchritude, the reminiscence of 1893 and of First Ward infamies, the swiftness of incident. Mr. Anderson's subjects are handled with a verve so different from the tired matrimonialism of the professional novelist that an occasional naïveté is unimportant. Without naïveté he would probably not have had the courage to write so graphic a proletarian novel.

"Huge, graceless of body, indolent of mind, untrained, uneducated, hating the world," McGregor is the young American whom time converts from a savage disgust with workingmen to a leadership that is ruthless love of order. "I hate you because you are disorganized and weak like cattle. I would like to come among you teaching the power of force. I would like to slay you one by one, not with weapons but with my naked fists. If they have made you work like rats buried in a hole they are right. It is man's right to do what he can. Get up and fight." This is the spirit that dominates McGregor when he is the joke of Coal Creek, "Beaut" McGregor, son of "Cracked" McGregor. But besides the quest of power that occupies his first years in Chicago, an ambition that regulates his sympathies and his passions, there is a self-identification with the working class by which his hatred is merely the obverse of his love. His success as a lawyer gives him a chance to leave his class, but his sense of solidarity prevails, and the rest of his struggle is a struggle to make an army out of labor by progress from the mere rhythm of marching to a rhythm of like-mindedness in society.

There are hints of the Peter of War and Peace in the figure of Mr. Anderson's McGregor, but it is only necessary to mention a Tolstoyan hero to mark the rudimentary portraiture of the American. He is not, primarily, an independent will. He is a purposeful creation of the author. We are introduced inside him, but only to discover that he is all of a piece, as simple as a sun-dial, and the mechanism by which he works requires a light from outside. His treatment in Coal Creek does supply some real motivation, and there are symptoms of spontaneous human nature in his relations with the undertaker's daughter, the milliner, the fashionable Chicagoan. But there is something about his devotion to a love of order, his recurrence to his simple sententiousness, that suggests a cuckoo-clock. The only way to overcome the difficulty of establishing an idea in a novel is to humanize every expression of its sponsor. This is not Mr. Anderson's way. His McGregor uniformly knocks men down, uniformly hates, uniformly suppresses women, uniformly spouts. He is fervid but rigid, a romancer's man.

The chief fact about Marching Men is not, however, its rhetoric, its grandiloquence. It is its apprehension of the great fictional theme of our generation, industrial America. Because the subject is barbarous, anarchic and brutal it is not easy for its story to be told. But the restless vitality of the thing itself is beginning to be felt, through layers of professorial censorship. Harsh voices, wild tongues of fire, ominous multitudinous mutterings, are at last striving up our horizon.

One is induced in reading Marching Men to theorize on the enormous gap between literate and unliterate America. The novel's weakness in throwing a rainbow across the gulf is a sign of the sundered realities. The explanation lies, perhaps, in man's faculty for ignoring the obvious, his great gift for evading glaring fact. It is not obtuseness that makes the chauffeur ignore hitching-posts or makes the admirer of Elihu Root fail to see the importance of Bill Haywood. It is a difference of purpose. It seems to be the necessity and the penalty of jealous purpose to compel the evasion of glaring fact, to delete unacceptable fact from consideration. The youth who lives in a boarding-house can walk his city forever without seeing carpenters' shops or plumbers', groceries or meats, and his blindness is not that he cannot see these agencies of life but that he has no sufficient motive for seeing. We cannot observe, apparently, unless we expand our purposes to make a place for attendant fact. If fact is stubborn and we are not ready for it, there is every category of morals and taste to be enlisted to sidetrack it. The imagination is much more connected with will, much more the servant of habit and circumstance, than we are accustomed to admit. The first step in educating the imagination, indeed, is to remind ourselves that the shutter remains on the camera so long as we do not will to perceive.

By reason of these restrictions, it seems to me, the proletarian has had small place in American fiction. Under the ban of negligible ugliness, as the eminent novelists see it, comes the great majority of the people. They, the eminent ones, have principally been the children of circumspect parents, Presbyterians or Baptists, middle class in social and moral habits and unlikely to be hospitable to the primordial. Outside their view lies the life of the proletarian except as it impinges on the middle class, and these rawnesses of American existence, so conceived, have as little part in a polite literacy as have peanuts in the poetry of Oscar Wilde. It is not that the facts are seen and rejected. The facts are simply not open to the eminent novelists any more than to social-sentiment workers or bright reporters or class-hyphenates of the sweetest disposition. The proletarians are in a different

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universe of discourse, and one so unthinkable to eminent novelists that it is promptly ruled out, the way we humane people rule out the superheated hell.

Where Marching Men succeeds is in thrusting the greater American realities before us, seen as by a workingman himself. It is a fragmentary novel, rhetorical in the atmosphere that surrounds McGregor and uncritical of its own notion of solidarity, but a narrative that suggests the presence in our fiction of a man who knows our largest theme. **F. H.**

Merlin

Merlin, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

FIFTEEN years ago people talked less of poetry but they found it an easier region. They at least knew what poetry was: poetry was a mild imitation of English importations that had grown a trifle stale at home. You thought of poetry as a manly man was to think of a lady, to be honored and revered but not to be held too responsible in grave issues. The mode of a sonnet might differ from that of a topcoat only in being not the latest; it was very much a matter of what was being done. But everyone is learning now that the nature of poetry is itself unsettled, one thing alone being certain, that the theory of it involves war and mischief, thumping and thwacking. We may now imitate, if we choose, imported controversies.

There are many now who find a poem to be a camp or trench, where theories clash, to win or lose. Poetry is life, they say, and hurry us on to decide whether life is the joy of tennis and a yellow racket or the hidden things that troubled Wordsworth and Milton: I say this, you say that; come, the greater one of us will flay the other and hang up his skin. This man cleaves to the old because it is a noble part of him or merely because it is old. That man takes up the new because it expresses for him more of life, or because it supplies a shallow change and variety; or merely because the thing is being done. The two call each other names out of deep conviction, or for diversion, or for the fad of it. At any rate few of us take the Muses any more as honored or revered or irresponsible ladies. They have taken the stump. Nobody awake can think of the Nine as a Peace League. And the poet's cricket no longer lives on dew, as Theocritus' cricket did, but on thunder and rain.

The whole effect of this conflict must be good, for it gives the general impression that poetry is at least no dead affair; it may help to fix the attention on the vitality necessary to poetry; to widen the horizon of material, to dilate the public eye. But it is not unpleasant, nevertheless, to come to Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's work, without having to consider it from this prismatic region. His books of poetry have long shown an originality without challenging theories, have known how to be original without making a row about it. It is pleasant to take up Merlin and read as one reads mere poetry.

The inevitable and commonplace observation, of course, wherever the Arthurian material appears, involves Tennyson. We overlook Malory, who at his best leaves Tennyson far behind, and we overlook Matthew Arnold and Swinburne and the rest. Tennyson's verse—often beautiful, nearly always musical, often diluted for mild intelligences, and sometimes saccharine—and the secure popularity of his central conceptions of the legend, have established almost a monopoly for him. Some of the scorn laid on Tennyson nowadays he deserves by reason of his complacency, his glib felicities, and the insincerity that followed his compromise with bourgeois standards and conventions. But the fad of despising him is very often carried so far that it becomes only another recognition of his importance. A poet intending to write on Arthur's time, then, may say to himself, "I will do this in Tennyson's style"; or, "Whatever happens I will not be like Tennyson." This he will say if he is a poet mewing theories as to the manner in which he will write his poem. But the poet whose poem is writing itself will put it down as he feels it; and if he feels it in Tennyson's quality, and writes accordingly, he is a wiser poet—not necessarily either more original or less—than if he goes about to force his matter into another mold.

Mr. Robinson in Merlin has plainly felt his work in Tennyson's quality. It is clear at once that the style, and often the quality, are very like Tennyson's.

Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,
And with me drove the moon and all the stars;
And the wind fell, and on the seventh night
I heard the shingle grinding in the surge,
And felt the boat shock earth; and saw
Once more as through a cracked and cloudy glass,
A crumbling sky that held a crimson cloud
Wherein there was a town of many towers
All swayed and shaken, in a woman's hand
This time, till out of it there spilled and flashed
And tumbled, like loose jewels, town, towers, and walls,
And there was nothing but a crumbling sky
That made anon of black and red and ruin
A wild and final rain on Camelot.

It might be hard for some readers to discover where Tennyson's Holy Grail leaves off in this passage and Robinson's Merlin begins.

This verse is a long jump from

Though nowadays he's not so much for women:
"So few of them," he says, "are worth the guessing."
But there's a worm at work when he says that,
And while he says it one feels in the air
A deal of circumambient hocus-pocus.
They've had him dancing till his toes were tender,
And he can feel 'em now, come chilly rains.

And this difference in the verse suggests the difference between much of the previous work and Merlin. In Merlin there is more smoothness, more expected proportions, leisure and fluency; and less of that effect of rather trenchant rhythm, of brusque acumen and passionate shrewdness, and of a kind of analytical excitement for the mind, that have made a distinguishing quality in Mr. Robinson's poetry.

With half a dozen main characters the Merlin story recreates itself into a poem of between two and three, nearer three, thousand lines. We begin with a talk between Gawain and Dagonet, seated high on Merlin's rock above fated Camelot, Merlin has come back from Vivian and Broceliande to help the king. They talk: Arthur has built on sand and mud a kingdom and "shall see no Grail"; and Merlin—

Once I dreamed of it
But I was buried. I shall see no Grail,
Nor would I have it otherwise. I saw
Too much and that was never good for man
The man who goes alone too far goes mad—
In one way or another.

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And Merlin departs for Vivian's garden again, and Arthur stays, with a wounded heart and a wounded pride, and a pang of lost possession, and memories.

Of old illusions that are dead for ever.

The middle of the poem—half the whole of it—is taken up with Merlin's and Vivian's life, done with a subtle smoothness and beauty, sometimes an exotic loveliness, that contrasts well with the rougher struggle of the first and last sections. Vivian, made all of "darkness and wild light," is given more point than in any other place in literature that I know of. She says to Merlin:

You are to listen when I say to you that I'm alone.
Like you, I saw too much; and unlike you
I made no kingdom out of what I saw. . . .
I see too far
To rule myself. Time's way with you and me
Is our way, in that we are out of Time
And out of tune with Time. . . .
For you have wisdom, I have only sight
For distant things.

Merlin returns from Camelot to Vivian, only to wonder, after a time,

If his avenging injured intellect
Might shine with Arthur's kingdom a twin mirror,
Fate's plaything, for new ages without eyes
To see therein themselves and their declension;

and to feel Change overruling him. He goes back to Camelot after all—thus altering the usual story—to rejoin King Arthur, and afterward to Vivian again: but does neither, and sets out to wander unknown to men, with Dagonet the fool.

No little contemporary allusion and allegory is implied in the publisher's note and somewhat indicated in the poem itself; it would seem perhaps the best pretext for retelling the story. Any distinctive success for the poem would depend perhaps, on such an import. But the transfer is not easily made from this world of absolutisms and Fate and the seer to our own conditions. For such implication to count, the poem needs an overhauling, a pulling together and underscoring; it needs also a sharpening of meaning for Fate, "what is to be," Time, "the torch of woman" and Galahad's Grail which together "are yet to light the world," and so on.

But we do see easily how over Camelot and the world—as over our own world now—hangs the tragic destiny and great forces drawing men to wide ends, as Vivian and Merlin were drawn through years to await each other. And we can apply more or less to certain public personages the brooding Arthur and Merlin seeing Arthur and seeing himself, "a sight no man has ever seen." And we can read a significance into such passages as Merlin's words to Arthur:

But your most violent years are on their way
To days and to a sounding of loud hours
That are to strike for war. Let not the time
Between this hour and then be lost in fears,
Or told in obscurations and vain faith
In what has been your long security:
For should your force be slower then than hate,
And your regret be sharper than your sight,
And your remorse fall heavier than your sword—
Then say farewell to Camelot, and the crown.

S. Y.

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Nicholas Murray Tupper

A World in Ferment: Interpretations of The War For a New World, by Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.15.

THE real cure for false internationalism is true internationalism, President Butler has discovered. And in what does true internationalism consist? In a happy blending of love of country with love of humanity, where a narrow nationalism does not make the sovereignty of the individual state superior to the world's welfare, nor, on the other hand, where the sentimental affection for a brotherhood of man does not destroy the healthy vigor of the single country. In other words, where the whole problem is settled. President Butler seems enamored of this utopianism of language, by means of which the specific difficulties of a problem are resolved in an elaborate statement of the good effects which will inevitably flow from its perfect solution. The state, for instance, should not crush individual initiative, but on the other hand there are agencies and institutions for the public welfare which obviously demand governmental regulation and control. America, too, must learn to think internationally, because, well, because the world is round and we are all on it. A new relationship between nations will emerge because of this war. It will be a "purified" world. What democracy means we all know in our own hearts. A new and more just system of industrialism must shortly be adopted or we shall be confronted with devious disturbances. And so forth, interminably.

In reading President Butler one aches for a specific,

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AN honest man but a poor one would admit that his first aim in working—however much he loved his job—was to earn a living. So Borzoi Books must first of all pay our rent, buy us food and clothes, and bones and liver galore for *Bistri* our only really genuine Borzoi. But once one's house is actually built one proceeds to make it more beautiful. And what, granted they are, as they must be, sufficiently recognized by the public as desirable commodities, do I try to accomplish through Borzoi Books? Four things.

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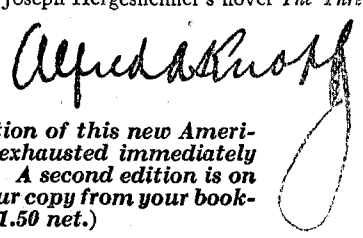
(To be continued in next week's issue)



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quantitative recommendation as one aches at a Debussy opera for a whole tone. In practice, of course, almost any type of proposal could be justified by these irreproachable sentiments. To pose a difficulty so as to give the impression of its being conquered is often mistaken for intellectual astuteness. We are amiable towards established reputations—anthropomorphic, as it were, towards the appearances of ideas. We impute the piercing reasoning process to all those who have captured its terminology. Ordinarily this friendly weakness does no great harm. How otherwise, one may ask, can college presidents maintain any balance between the popular conception of high intellectual endowments and the realistic demand for the business shrewdness of a corporation manager? College presidents must perforce burnish platitude to the semblance of thought. That is, perhaps, in ordinary times. But as President Butler himself will not deny, these are not ordinary times. May not the young men who crave some stimulation, some intellectual clarity, some insight into the justice of their sacrifice, legitimately be resentful? May they not rightfully ask more than that they shall be gathered together and told,—"You are about to die, and two and two make four"?

Honest Romance

Martie the Unconquered, by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

MRS. NORRIS is not afraid of the seedy side of cheap apartment life, the bareness of half-way poverty, Pullman cars, ice-cream sodas, Childs' restaurants, the whole texture of happy and dull or unhappy and not so dull American middle-class life. In Martie the Unconquered, with the pioneer small town of California and the different sides of the New York of the respectably poor as background, there is, of course, a bit too much gilt on the picture-frame, a too conventionally ecstatic emphasis on the wonder and movement and complexity of American life. Yet although it is not easy to escape our rose-colored traditions of fiction, Mrs. Norris does not write Duchess novelettes about the poor. It is encouraging to find in a story that is frankly the story of a popular romancer so much of the actualistic and veracious. Nor is the attack on our earlier romantic aura tradition confined wholly to the background. Mrs. Norris' heroine struggles through her loves and early love's mistakes to her fulness of womanhood and achievement, and there is not even the condescension of a mating-finish.

Contributors

to this issue

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